

Blinded Colony, Bedtime Prayers

It seems like no one sees the oblivious
It seems like no one cares to try to understand

A map and some sense is all you need to get the bloody picture clear
They breed their traditions, passing their
God on to the new blood, wide open for reception

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It seems like no one cares to try to understand

Look; we've got the pagans in south - feeding their gods
Jesus disciples in our TV - needing their god
We breed the beliefs

Again and again we breed beliefs
Still the picture ain't bloody clear
The bombs are since birth attached to our bodies for infidels, all ready for destruction

Look; we've got the pagans in south - feeding their gods
Jesus disciples in our TV - needing their god
We breed the beliefs

The bedtime prayer continues
A well meaning mother continues
Look; we've got the pagans in south...